

Steve Forgets by femmesteve

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Summary:

Steve forgets his heat and Billy is there to be a jerk and fuck him how he needs.

Steve Forgets

Author's Note:

I need new prompts! send me some! @FemmeSteve on Tumblr!

Steve had been careless. Caught up in the bustle of end of the year testing, he had failed to look at the calendar on his phone which notified him when his next heat was due. Now, sitting in his fifth period English class, he was going to pay for it.

He feels the first trickle of slick leak from his hole and wet the seat of his pants, causing him to turn red with realization. He quickly rips his jacket off and stands to tie it around his waist at breakneck speed, hand shooting up in the air. The teacher acknowledges him with her eyebrows raised.

“Uh- bathroom?” He asks weakly.

She waves him off and Steve bolts for the door. Once in the hallway, he moves away from the window on the door and leans heavily on some lockers. His stomach has started to churn and his vision to swim. A whine rips from his throat as he feels his legs wobble a bit. His hole is leaking profusely now, and he knew for a fact that he was beginning to reak. Footsteps approaching causes him to raise his head and peek. He feels his heart skip a beat as his eyes focus on Billy Hargrove’s features. He looks confused and worried, something that is totally beyond Steve at the moment.

“Harrington?” Billy’s nostrils flare as he breathes in, “Dude, fuck.” He says.

“Billy,” Steve says brokenly.

Billy is there just as Steve’s knees buckle in, hoisting him back up with an arm around his waist. Steve leans heavily against him and presses his nose into his shirt, inhaling deeply. Billy uses cheap cologne, but beneath that Steve can smell his natural alpha scent. He grabs handfuls of Billy’s shirt in his hands, comforted by the scent.

“Hey, come on,” Billy says, shaking Steve softly, “Get a hold of yourself,” He orders with an irritated growl.

“Fuck me,” Steve sighs out, rubbing his nose against Billy’s shirt frantically, soft purrs rumbling in his chest as though he could get off just by the alpha’s scent.

“I’m taking you to the nurse,” Billy says, starting to tug the omega in that direction,

Steve shakes his head aggressively and pulls away from Billy, though it was difficult as he was holding on to him with a death grip.

“She’ll just give me a tampon and some heat meds,” Steve whines out, “Just fuck me- I know you want to. I can smell you,” He leans forward again, seeking another deep whiff.

Billy emits a whine of his own, unable to deny that Steve’s heat was all that he could focus on. Steve has practically begun to rut against his leg, panting and whining and begging him. Billy can feel himself slipping further and further away, leaning closer to Steve, inhaling deeply. His grip on Steve grows almost painful.

The bell rings and Billy shoves Steve into the janitor’s closet just as classroom doors begin to open.

It’s dark and smells like cleaning supplies, but it’s soon filled with the strong scent of a horny omega in need of being bred. Billy has them backed onto the furthest wall, his hand on Steve’s open mouth. Students pass by the door, talking and laughing. Lockers open and slam shut, books fall, and then it’s quiet again.

“Fuck my life,” Billy mutters, his cock throbbing as Steve mouths at his palm.

Billy shoves two fingers into Steve’s mouth, groaning as the omega immediately starts to suck on them greedily. Steve whines and paws at Billy’s jean clad erection, fumbling with the zipper at the awkward angle. Billy rips his fingers free and shoves Steve forward, before unzipping his own fly easily. Steve shoves his pants and underwear to his ankles and braces himself against the wall, presenting as best as

he could. He swallows excess saliva down and moans, clenching around the emptiness between his slick covered thighs.

“Stupid omega,” Billy grunts as he frees his cock, stroking it dryly a couple of times, “So fucking horny that you’re bending over for the alpha that kicked your ass last semester.”

Steve whines in response, closing his eyes tightly. He already felt like a loser. He didn’t need Billy’s shit. He needed his dick and that was it.

“Stock your dick in me, or get the fuck out and I’ll ride that goddamn broom,” Steve grumbles.

“I’d like to see the splinters you pull outta your ass after that,” Billy says with a snort, lining himself up with Steve’s dripping hole.

“Getinmegetinmegetinme,” Steve is whining, grinding back against the teasing feel of Billy’s cockhead.

Billy pushes in with a deep exhale, hissing as his dick is engulfed in the wet, tight heat of Steve’s ass. Steve squeezes around the stretch and moans, pressing against it.

“Deeper,” Steve orders, leaning his head back. Billy comes closer, pressing on Steve’s lower back so that he arches more.

“Shoulda found an empty classroom,” Billy says, slightly out of breath, “Need to lay you out somewhere,” He smacks Steve’s ass to hear him yelp in response.

“Fuck me,” Steve hisses.

Billy does as he’s told, holding tight to Steve’s side and hip in order to pull him back against his first thrust. Steve’s mouth falls open and he moans again, beginning to move back on his own to meet Billy thrust for thrust. He needs the alpha so much deeper, like there’s something that’s just not being hit. It’s like a terrible tease, barely enough to satisfy. He’s crying, squeezing hard as though trying to suck Billy’s cock in.

Billy’s grunting, teeth bared against Steve’s shoulder as though threatening to bite. Steve would dare him, but he doesn’t say

anything. Knowing Billy, he would do it and make Steve walk around with his mark for a week or two.

Steve reaches for his neglected cock, fisting it. He spreads precome down the length, pumping furiously. Billy's grip is hurting him, but he isn't focusing on that. He's about to fucking come.

"Don't stop," Steve sobs out, still jerking himself off with a shaky hand, "I'll kill you if you stop,"

Billy growls and wraps a hand around Steve's throat, hitting into the omega with everything he's got. His orgasm is building quickly and though he's pretty sure he's loosened Steve up, he's still the most delicious thing that's ever had the pleasure of gracing his cock. He squeezes, hearing Steve's choked off gasp.

"Gonna blow in your sweet ass, Harrington," He spits, "Just like you wanted. Stupid whore."

Steve slaps a hand over his mouth as he comes, face warm from shame and arousal. It spills over his knuckles, makes his legs shake, and he would have fallen forward if Billy hadn't of had a death grip on him.

"Here it comes, Stevie baby," Billy taunts, though it comes out a bit strangled.

Billy groans as he comes hard, thrusting deep so that he fills Steve with his seed. He hears Steve's broken sob and grins as his knot forms, locking them in place.

"Stop crying," Billy says, "Not like you can get pregnant."

"Bet I can still catch whatever West Coast STDs you carry," Steve spits back.

Billy pulls Steve's hair hard, feeling his cock twitch at the pained gasp Steve emitted.

"Shut up," Billy orders.

Steve frowns and leans back against Billy's clothes chest. He tells himself it was to relieve the pressure on his scalp from Billy's pulling.